

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper. Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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The Bethel Courier.

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History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.

CHAPTER IV.

In the entire absence of any records, I am compelled to rely on the memory of our oldest citizens for the facts and dates in this and the next chapter. It would be strange if, in every instance, they should be correct. Subsequent investigations will, no doubt, rectify any errors that may occur, and which will be noticed before I complete what I have to say respecting the history of the town.

Immediately after the survey of the town, attention was directed to the fertile lands in the Androscoggin country, as this portion of the State was then called.

In the year 1773, ten men came through the forests to Sudbury Canada—brought their provisions with them—built camps and felled five acres each on ten different lots, but the Revolutionary War breaking out, they became frightened and left. In May 1776, three of them returned, viz: Jesse Dugan, who settled on the farm now occupied by Adam Willis of Hanover, John York, who came from Standish and cleared up the farm now occupied by Amos Young in the lower part of the town. One man by the name of Kimball settled on the farm now owned by Foster Farwell, but afterwards left the town. There also came with them Benjamin Russell, Esq., and his brother Abraham. From his grandson, Abbott Russell, I learn the following facts: Benjamin Russell was born in Andover, Mass., Jan. 27th, 1737, on the spot, according to tradition, which the first of that name occupied in America. His wife, Mary Proctor, was born in Salem, Mass., March 1st, 1739. He came to Fryeburg among the first settlers, where he resided thirteen years—was chosen Justice of the Peace while there—and used to say that he was the first in that office that ever resided in Oxford County. He came to Sebec, as it was then called, with the four others mentioned above, in May, 1776, cleared up three acres of that which had been felled two years previous, planted two acres with corn, and sowed one bushel of rye from which he harvested forty bushels. This was on the farm now owned by his grandson, Abbott Russell. He built a log house below the present buildings that year, as did the others, and returned to their homes for the winter. Abraham Russell built a house, a few rods west of Alder River Bridge, on the land now occupied by Gilman Chapman, Esq. This was carried off by the great freshet in 1785, after which he built the house now occupied by John Russell, near the Narrows.

In the Fall of 1776, Mr. Samuel Ingalls and wife came to town from Andover, Mass., and spent the winter on the farm now occupied by Asa Kimball. She rode a part of the way on horseback and the rest of the way traveled on foot. She was the first white woman that came to the town. In consequence of this fact, the proprietors gave her one hundred acres of land. He subsequently removed to Bridgton, and then returned to Bethel, where he died on the farm now occupied by Amos Young. The farm on which he first commenced operations, was first occupied by Jonathan Keyes, who afterwards went to Rumford, and was the first settler in that town.

To return to Benj. Russell, Esq.—The next March 1777, he brought his family to Bethel. Himself and Gen. Hastings, then living in Fryeburg, be-

ing mounted on snow-shoes, hauled on handbills his wife and daughter, then fifteen years old, who afterwards married Nath'l Segar, a distance of nearly fifty miles in two days. They camped the first night near Pettee's Mills in N. Waterford. His wife was consequently the second white woman that came to town.

Mr. Russell performed the business of the plantation, and celebrated the marriages, which were quite as frequent as at the present day. He wrote an elegant hand. He died Nov. 1802. His wife died in 1808.

Jesse Dugan moved to Bethel in 1778. His wife was the third woman that came to town. She had the first child born in Town. His name was Peregrine Dugan. He was born in 1782, a few months before Joseph Twitcomb, now residing in this village. In consequence of this, the proprietors gave him 100 acres of land, on the farm now occupied by Vincent Chapman. He became a minister of the Methodist denomination, and died quite young.

James Swan came from Methuen, Mass., and settled in Fryeburg, and in 1779 moved to Bethel on the farm now occupied by Ayers Mason and Algernon S. Chapman. He built a house on the east side of the road, about half way from Alder River Bridge to Ayers Mason's. He had three sons who were young men when he came: Joseph Greely, who lived with his father; Elijah, who did not make a permanent settlement in the town; James, who settled on Swan's Hill, in the eastern part of the town, and Nathaniel, who settled on Sunday River in Bethel, where he died.

Joseph Greely occupied the log house built by his father till the great freshet, October 25th, 1785, when it was swept off. As the water rose so high that the inmates could not all be taken off from the door, he took his mother from the chamber window in a boat and carried her to a place of safety. His wife had a web of cloth in her loom, but so sudden and unexpected was the rise of the water that she could not find an opportunity to cut it out, so it was swept away with the house. Fearing that the spot would be subject to inundation, he built on a more elevated position, where the dwelling house of Ayers Mason now stands. His father was known as the person with whom Sabbath, a well known Indian, in this vicinity, lived for many years.

MARRIAGE BY PROXY.—Rev. Dr. Gregory celebrated at Niagara on New Year's Day, a marriage between parties who, at the time were not within six thousand miles of each other, the gentleman being in Mexico, where the recent troubles rendered it imperative for him to remain and look after his property instead of coming North to claim his bride as had been arranged. In lieu of coming himself, he sent a power of attorney to the father of his intended to stand instead of the bridegroom, which was duly fulfilled, and the bride was duly sailed to seek her proxy husband in the wilds of Mexico.

The liveliest and richest anecdote that ever flew about in the story contained in a London letter to the New York Tribune, to the effect that "all the leading British statesmen" are in favor of a Palmerstonian scheme to annex Maine to "a confederation of provinces extending from Vancouver's Island to Newfoundland, and to the Arctic regions."

This idea of a "vice regal empire" is to be carried out by the purchase of Maine from the United States, if possible, or the taking of that State by force, if necessary. To accomplish this object Lord Lyons is coming to Washington with "liberal pecuniary means to overcome any refractory opposition."—Boston Post.

MAY: THE SQUATTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER VIII.

The family had returned to London before Arthur Beverly got back from his mountain excursion. The idea that he was dying of a broken heart was dispelled from the heads of his affectionate relatives immediately upon seeing him. He did look a little graver and more manly; he had suffered, too—there was no doubt about it—and thought his case desperate, and had expected to grow thin, and to look like a walking corpse, when he should show himself to the remorseful eyes of May; that is, if he ever saw proper to meet her again. But he had taken the wrong way to effect such a result. Keen, mountain air, bracing exercise, fresh fish, and brown bread, and cottager's simple fare, the face of nature absorbing and interesting the mind by its varied and beautiful aspects, were panaceas powerful enough to arrest a more fatal disease than his. What if it were misery that urged him to the most desperate toil, and made him far outstrip his athletic companions in scaling precipices, and tracking torrents? In such absorption of the physical, the mental found rest; and the most dangerous crisis of the disease passed, and found him, to his own chagrin, rapidly convalescing. He weighed twenty pounds more when he returned to reproach his mistress for the ruin she had wrought, than he did the day he made his passionate appeal, and rushed from her presence, wishing he might die.

On the contrary, it was May who had grown pale, and yet not pale; only a little less rosy, and a little more demure. She had left off many of her girlish gayeties, and sat more in the solitude of her own chamber than there seemed any use for. It could not escape the observant eye of a mother that something weighed upon the spirits, or at least absorbed the mind of her daughter. Lady Lancaster was inclined to think that May had repented of her hasty decision, was sorry that she had sent her cousin away in such a mood, and was beginning to think of a more serious relationship. Yet, when Arthur returned to town, and she was asked if she did not wish to send him some conciliating message, she only replied, "that it grieved her to hurt his feelings; she wished to be friends with him; but she did not feel as if she could ever—ever marry him. Indeed, he was a dear, dear brother; but that was all."

They met, first in society, and then at each other's home. Arthur had adopted a cool manner, exceedingly polite; and she was gentle and deprecating. At this crisis in their affairs, Amos Potter arrived from Paris, and tarried a short time in London, previous to his return to his own country. "Well, how fares the suit between your daughter and her lover? Am I to attend the wedding before I leave or will I have to come again?" he asked of Lord Lancaster, a day or two after they met.

He put the question more because he wished to be considered as interested in his friend's affairs, than because he felt like conversing on the subject.

"Indeed, I cannot answer you as explicitly as I should desire," was the rather gloomy reply. "These girls are fanciful creatures, Mr. Potter, and will have their own way, whatever it is. Now, there's May; I certainly believed her the most yielding and amiable of all children, and sensible as she was pretty; yet here, at the first opportunity she has disappointed as all, and proved as unreliable as the worst. Will you credit it? She has actually refused Arthur!"

"Refused him! What could have been her motive?" exclaimed her listener, with an astonishment not at all feigned. At the same time, let us confess that the flush on his cheek betrayed a lively interest.

"That I can no more tell than you. She says that she does not love him. Of course she does. Anybody could see that they were wrapped up in each other, and Arthur, poor boy! has been made miserable by her caprice."

Here the father gave an account of what had occurred since his visitor had left them, and ended by asking Mr. Potter, since May had been wont in old times to place her childish confidence in him, and still regarded him so highly, if he would not take an opportunity to win a confession from her of the motives which prompted her conduct.

Poor Amos's stammering and hesitation were of no avail with Lord Lancaster; indeed, he scarcely noticed them, not having the key to explain them, but went on to say that he knew of no one whose judgment he would be more willing to rely on, or that would have more influence in making his daughter act reasonably.

"A nice dilemma, indeed!" ejaculated the young man, as he walked to and fro, in the library, to arrange his thoughts.

That very evening, as he returned to that room for a book of which he was in search, he found May alone.

She was sitting in her father's arm-chair drawn up before the grate; her little feet perched on the fender, and her head drooped on her hand, gazing into the fire with eyes full of mysterious reveries. She blushed when she saw who it was who entered.

"Mr. Potter," she said.

It was a very simple speech, yet something in her voice or in her looks irresistibly invited him to stay.

Perhaps it was her blush, perhaps magical influence of beauty exerting its bewitching spell unconsciously. He gave up looking for the book, and took a chair at the corner of the grate. He had never seen May looking more lovely. The ruddy glow of the fire crimsoned her cheek, and played in bright flashes over her drooping hair. She wore a dark dress, which set off the whiteness of her arms and throat. He did not fail to observe that a slender gold chain glittered around the latter, and that she held the carnelian attached to it in her hand. "Building castles in the air, my friend?" he asked, as she turned to converse with him.

"Yes," she answered, "building up castles out of old memories. I was using this carnelian, as a charm to summon the magi to their work."

Instead of replying with some gay badinage, he too, began looking in the fire, and was silent.

"And what are you doing?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Thinking of a commission which your father gave me this morning," he said, suddenly looking up.

"What was it? to send him a cabinet of minerals, when you return to your old home?" She said "our old home" in such a low voice, and such a tender shadow flitted over her face, that Mr. Potter was moved to make an impetuous reply, which he had not intended: "He has commissioned me—me, May, to gain your confidence, and inquire into your heart, to win from you the motive which impelled you to refuse the person whom we all thought you loved."

"Whom we all thought?" repeated May.

"Why, yes! it was considered a settled matter. It was strange of your father to choose me, of all men, to put such a question to a young lady—to you."

"And you have come to ask?" inquired May, looking into the dark eyes that were bent upon hers with a look that she had never seen in them before.

He could see her heart throbbing against her dress, and began to feel that he was getting into inextricable confusion, and yet did not break away from the entangling spell.

"Are you going to tell me?" he whispered, leaning towards her.

"Oh, no! I could not tell you. My father is very—very inconsiderate, she was going to say, but paused with the thought that she was betraying herself. Then she looked down, and in her agitation, not precisely knowing what she did, she pressed the little crimson heart, which she held, suddenly, with a passionate motion, to her bosom. Then she dropped it, and hung her head, while burning blushes rushed over her face.

gling of his breath, and felt his hands tremble.

"I did it—because—I could never—love Arthur Beverly," she spoke at last, so low that he just heard her.

He drew her to his bosom, and kissed her. She did not resist.

"But May, my darling," he said, after a pause, "how dare you fill me with this happiness? What shall I say to your father?"

"Tell him the truth. He will not be displeased. You are his friend."

"But I am not an earl."

"You are much more," she exclaimed, lifting her head with an air of modest pride.

Now, all our lady readers who have condemned Mr. Lancaster for want of maidenly reserve, in that she first betrayed the state of her affections to her lover, we would refer to the poets for her justification. The poets always translate the true language of the heart. And not Shakespeare's noble "Desdemona," and Coleridge's exquisite "Cenci," both do the same?

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed; And I loved her that she did pity them."

She wept with pity and delight. She blushed with love and virgin shame; And, like the murmur of a dream, I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she steep aside, As conscious of my look she slept; Then, suddenly, with timorous eye, She fled to me, and wept."

Parallels instances might be quoted, but the above will be sufficient to exonerate our heroine from blame. No doubt she read in the eye and heard in the whisper of Amos Potter that he loved her, although he had not said so in words; and the sudden happy consciousness, rushing over, caused her to clasp the heart which he had given her to her bosom. This in turn compelled his resolution to give way, and now they were acknowledged lovers. What was done could not be undone. Since May loved him, her father must be told of it; for it was not now his own happiness which was at stake alone. Duty and honor now pointed out a different course from that which he had hitherto pursued.

The next day, he waited upon Lord Lancaster with a manly statement of the case. His story was received politely, for that gentleman could not be rude to one who was his friend and guest; but he was evidently displeased, and told the lover coldly that he ought to know that his wishes and plans were in opposition. This opposition did not end with a breath, either.

Lord Lancaster would not wound Mr. Potter's feelings by giving any other reason for the refusal of his daughter's hand, than that he had a different and long cherished plan. He was ashamed to own, to any one but his wife, that he could not overcome his prejudice against the plebeian birth of the young man. Highly as he respected the sterling qualities of Amos's father, he could not, forget his ignorance and past obscurity; and, much as he admired the genius and accomplishments of Amos himself, he could not forgive his low origin.

He could be friends with the Potters, but would not be their relative. His daughter was too fair, too peerless a flower to blossom anywhere but on the bosom of an earl. Lady Lancaster's objections were not so strong. She honored and loved the young man for his virtues; yet she could not endure the thought of parting with her only child, and having her go to a home so remote from her own.

When May told her that her happiness was at stake, that, if she did not marry Amos Potter, she never would wed any one, she withdrew her opposition, and endeavored to soften the unrelenting will of her husband.

In the mean time, the suitor was undecided how to act. He did not wish to wrong the feelings of the family; neither could he bring himself to leave the young girl who clung to him with her whole heart. He finally decided to return to America, as he had originally intended, and come back late the next summer for a final decision, as May was now too young to marry, and all parties were so at cross-purposes.

"You will find me true," said May, choking back the passionate tears, at their last interview. "And if, upon your return, my father still refuses, I will fly with you to Gretta Green. Why should I not? My father and mother did so in a similar case, and can they blame me? My mother

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Bethel Courier: A Home Paper.

XXXVTH CONGRESS—SECOND SESSION.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 25.

SENATE.—A resolution was adopted calling for the correspondence of Nagent, the special agent at Vauvray's Island.

The Senate then took up the Pacific Railroad Bill.

With the exception of brief remarks from Mr. Wilson, who offered an additional amendment, and from Messrs. Simmens, Broderick and Davis, Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., occupied the whole day in explaining why he would vote against the bill, which he considered neither a necessary act under the war-making power of the Constitution, nor as a test of Democracy.

The discussion of Mr. Slidell's Cuba Report was assigned for Monday next—Adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. English, from the Post Office Committee, reported against granting the franking privilege to the Regents of the Mount Vernon Association; and also against the memorial proposing the abolition of the Post Office Department.

Mr. English reported a bill to abolish the franking privilege.

Mr. English also reported a bill regulating the payment of the postage on newspapers and periodicals.

It provides that periodical dealers may receive their bundles, on paying postage thereon the same as regular subscribers; engravings, photographs, &c., pay postage of one cent per ounce or a fraction of an ounce.

The House went into committee on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Dowdell, of Ala., moved to strike out the appropriation of \$75,000 to enable the President to carry out the several acts for the suppression of the slave trade.

Some discussion ensued, when Mr. Singleton, of Mo., moved a proviso that no part of the money shall be used for any Africans heretofore or hereafter captured and returned to Africa.

The Committee then rose and the House Adjourned.

FOREIGN NEWS.—ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

The steamship Europa arrived at New York on Saturday. Her dates are to the 8th inst. The following is the telegraphic summary of her news:—

The disquietude caused by Napoleon's menace to the Austrian Minister continued. The panic continued on the Paris Bourse, the decline at one time being 2 1/4 per cent. since New Year's.

On the 7th, the Monitor published the following paragraph: "For several days public opinion has been agitated by alarming reports, which it is the duty of government to put a stop to by declaring that nothing, in diplomatic relations, authorizes the fears which those reports tend to provoke." This caused a slight improvement in the funds in Paris and London, but was only temporary, and all improvement was subsequently lost.

It is reported that France has sent a very threatening note to Austria, warning her of the consequence of Austrian troops crossing the Serbian frontier.

Accounts from Italy continue very alarming.

Austria is sending strong reinforcements to Lombardy, where her garrisons are on a war footing.

An outbreak was anticipated at Milan. It was rumored, but not confirmed, that the city was in a state of siege.

Great agitation existed likewise at Cremona, Modena, and elsewhere.

A scuffle is reported to have taken place between Austrian and Hungarian soldiers at Cremona.

Further details of the debate in the Spanish Chambers on Buchanan's message show that O'Donnell expressed great surprise at the proposition in regard to Cuba, and declared the government disposed to demand due satisfaction for such an insult. He declared emphatically that Spain would cede any of her territory.

Austria has abandoned the project of concentrating an imposing force on the Serbian frontier.

Great depression prevailed at Vienna.

The object of the conspiracy at Cracow was to recover the independence of the Republic.

It is rumored, but not credited, that Russia has succeeded in negotiating a loan of several millions sterling with Rothschilds, London.

FAST DAY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Gov. Hale, of New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, April 7th, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in that State.

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1859.

GOOD HUMOR.

Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence, it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No person does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in good humor.

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed every where—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adam's fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor.

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clean skin, are the elements of good humor. Get them, and keep them, and be sure to keep in good humor.

For the Courier.
MRS. EDITOR:—It is peculiarly gratifying to us to observe each number of your welcome sheet evidencing that you are in sentiment one of us, and although our acquaintance has been so brief, yet we feel that among us you have an interest in common, and that you are fast becoming part and parcel with ourselves.

It is with no small degree of interest that we peruse your chapter upon the Early History of Bethel, and picture in our mind the then uninviting prospect presented, and contrast it in imagination with the present; placing the several reports of the meetings of the Bethel Farmer's Club, and True's History of Bethel, side by side, and the difference is as great as that between a savage and civilized nation, or the difference between a barren wilderness and a cultivated farm. But it is not of these that I propose to write, even though they are full of interest, but of a mixed company of singers known as "Merrill and Kimball's Juvenile Choir," residing in this village vicinity, that met, "en masse" at our much esteemed and cheery old friend Timothy Chapman's.

We were not present when the musical entertainment commenced, but immediately, on entering the concert room, we found ourselves applying various lines of verse to the good old minor tunes of olden times, and as much pleasure and earnestness as we could well enjoy,—and when they began to sing Fa Sol La and La Sol Fa, then we were completely under the cloud, and I assure you, for us, who were unable to sing, it was sport enough.

After an appropriate and solemn prayer by Rev. Geo. W. Chapman, the choir adjourned to meet at Col. T. Twitchell's next Monday Evening.

Thus ended one of the happiest evenings that I have ever passed during my whole life. The melody of those tunes are still ringing in my ears. The sentiment of the words, made more impressive by the solemnity of the tones cannot fail to have a good influence. The decorum manifested by the members of the choir is in a high degree commendable. The affable manners of the leaders cannot fail to secure the respect of the choir; and all who wish to see a thing done as it should be, go to Col. Twitchell's next Monday Evening. I hope that the Juvenile Choir may be induced to give a Public Concert sometime during the winter.

For the Courier.
SALUTE.

The Bethel Courier.

WYANDOTT, CITY, K. T., JAN. 1.

DEAR SIR:—The town of my birth is still dear to me. I see the beautiful village, tasty farm-houses, tilled farms, and numerous school-houses and churches. Admiring her valleys and hills, while her everlasting mountains stand in the far distance, watchful witnesses of the passing scenes below and around. Rapid is its growth and more rapid still will be its future. The farmer will seek it for its soil, the tradesman for commerce, the scholar for its schools, and the christian for its society; for years it has been steadily but constantly increasing. It is no fancy village, but the result of necessity. The public wants compelled it.

The same causes will make a village anywhere; without them, no flowery speech, fanciful drawing or well executed plan can make the stores, workshops, houses and churches, or create a business.

Here, in this new country, far removed beyond the seas, yet far, very far in the East, town making is a business. Western men who have lived to see their towns, in all the Western States, termed cities, come here, select their spot, survey it into blocks, lots, streets, avenues, parks and depots; prepare a lithograph of the same, and a map of the surrounding country, (careful to see that all wagon and rail-roads converge in its depots) and then issue certificates of Shares containing from 3 to 15 lots each, and put them in market. Every Town in the Territory began in this way. The investment is often repaid.

This town, Wyandott, was opened for settlement in April, 1857, and before June of the same year, we had more than 1000 inhabitants. The natural facilities for business induced all classes of tradesmen to locate; they came from all countries—all strangers, and all met on common ground, no high, no low—no rich, no poor.

Small houses, 19 x 12, stuck up on four posts, have given place to brick blocks, streets have been graded, school-houses and churches have been erected, roads made, bridges built, a telegraph to St. Louis completed, and rail-roads of all kinds, in all directions, talked about. The soil is deep and hard. The pick and shovel are required to dig a grave, and a post hole is made with an auger. This soil, when wet, becomes soft as mud, and as adhesive as pitch. Horses sink into the mire, in the streets, to their knees and wagons are dragged through it as a clay pit. Long legged boots cover the pantaloons of gentlemen, and women ride on Indian ponies. Floors are covered with mud and considered no nuisance.

These scenes occur during winter, or a storm, in spring and summer. In dry weather everything is dry and hard; dust rises in clouds, blown on in every direction, at the caprice of the wind; the house is covered with dust without, and literally filled within. Some days the sun rises clear and seems to dry the king of storms; the next hour clouds cover the horizon and the air is thick and murky; the next a rain in frightful torrents, and soon a sleet ending in snow and finally the sun reappears in the sinking west, and warm and mellow as an Eastern June, reanimates all nature's beauty. All these changes I have witnessed in this much talked of Kansas climate. I like it all—it is all on a grand scale. When it thunders, it snaps and cracks and thunders all around, with a deep, heavy sound; when our rivers rise, they rise to some purpose; thirty feet in six hours and fall as quickly. I speak of the smaller streams. The Missouri has its annual rise and then settles back into some new-found channel through which to flow its muddy waters another year.

Unlike your Eastern rivers, confined in solid walls, it is constantly changing its bed; washing away earth and heavy trees on one side, and forming a bar on the other. It is always dark and muddy, full of snags, and always winds for boats.

Our streams are now all open, no frost in the ground, and here, 500 miles from St. Paul, boats are loading in midwinter.

The Legislature will meet next Monday at Leocompton; our new governor is here, and everything is bright in the future. Gold is found in considerable quantities in western Kansas. Many are preparing to go to the mines in the Spring. A. B. B.

THE TAME FISHES.

It was one beautiful morning in Aug. 1858 at Gilmanton Corner N. H. that I was agreeably surprised with an opportunity to visit the Tame Fishes in Lounge Pond eight miles distant. In a very thankful mood I was soon on my way, congratulating myself that no noisy cars could whirl me over the road and rob me of the enjoyment of a pleasant carriage ride in this inland town, affording rich views of mountain scenery, and only slightly retitled to render pleasure rides safe and frequent. Arrived at the Pond, I proceeded to the end of a platform extending some ten or twelve feet into the edge of the water and dropped upon the surface some crumbs of bread, slices of which had been brought for the purpose, scores of Fishes, called the Roache (the largest, a foot in length,) quickly crowded around the platform, and eagerly struggled to secure the crumbs.

They would eat bread from my hand and even allow me to take them from the water. I learned that the first were tamed by the habitual rising of a cheesecloth in the Pond, which regularly attracted them to the spot until the bits of cheese became to them very palatable. After this was discovered they were frequently fed and taught to relish bread and other eatables used in civilized Society. I remained sometime admiring the beauty and docility of these little pets, but when I left, I felt constrained to whisper this caution: viz: "Roache, do not get too familiar with the higher orders of creation, do not trust too generally, lest your confidence be misplaced and you, too late, find yourselves thrust from your quiet home in the water to be served up on dry land in a way anything but agreeable to those who enjoy living. Be very cautious from whom you take bait." They looked a grateful answer and darted into different directions of the Pond. During my returning ride, I came to the conclusion that the most effective agent in taming the Roache was kindness; that this was exercised individually, by the people of Gilmanton in general; that Nature had fitted the location to be conducive to good morals, cultivated intellects, refined social habits and Tame Fishes.

For the Courier.
[Augusta Correspondence.]
Jan. 24, 1859.

In fulfillment of my promise I again am scribbling a few lines from the Capitol.

Business moves slowly. The reports of Committees have not yet been made, as to require a great deal of labor on the part of the House. It is the general sentiment of all, that it is much easier to talk short sessions than to make them so, and present appearances indicate a session of about the usual length. There is much sickness prevailing among the members, some are considered dangerously sick. Mr. Stevens of Monhegan who has been confined to his room for the past two weeks, is in his seat to-day. It being Monday the House is very thin, many members having gone home and will not return till tomorrow. There was some smart sparring in the house last Friday, and the usual speakers, Pike, McGrill, Blaine, Smart and Harrows, each displaying marked qualities for forensic debate. Such exhibitions are interesting and may be profitable to the immediate participants, but the people have to pay the bills.

G. H. B.
Camels are now imported into Texas, for agricultural purposes.

OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

How sacred are the associations which cluster around the room in our childhood's home, where we have passed so many happy hours—our "sanctum sanctorum."

Be it a little room lighted by a single window, and scantily furnished, or one large and pleasant, combining every luxury which wealth can bestow, there are the same fond recollections, the same train of sacred remembrances rushing over our souls, leaving here a smile—there a tear—as they softly tread the silent recesses of our hearts, and leave us to sigh over the days that "were—but are not."

In this hallowed place often has our dear Mother kneeling, besought the blessing of God upon us, while watching angels have bowed their heads and hushed their rustling wings, to catch the Mother's broken accents, and bear them heavenward.

Here have we unburdened our hearts, and found sweet relief from all our childish grief, while weeping on our Mother's bosom; and when joys or sorrows too sacred ever for a Mother's ear have been our portion, we breath them to the evening stars peeping through our window, and wonder if they ever tell tales!

If we are Christians—and why should we not be?—it was in this "sanctum sanctorum" that we first consecrated ourselves with prayers and tears to the service of our Divine Master. Here first descended upon us sweet peace which passeth understanding. And frequently, when at the twilight hour, we wandered away to be alone with God and our thoughts, what holy influences hallowed us!

Little birds were singing in our hearts all the day long, but while the deepening shadows play hide-and-seek around the mountain passes, shadows fall upon our hearts also, and the moan of the whip-poor-will succeeds the song of merrier birds.

Is there not beauty in the whip-poor-will's moan?

Is there not sweet pleasure sometimes in sadness?

And at this hour Christ was often with us, to give us sweet counsel. We leaned our heads upon his bosom, like the one of old whom Jesus loved—and what sweet communion we held with him who died to save us?

Here are collected our favorite books and paintings, together with our treasures, too sacred to be gazed upon by curious eyes. Within this sacred circle are trinkets how precious! A withered rose which a golden haired lassie tossed into our hat years ago, bidding us keep it till we were "old men."

She is a beautiful woman now—perhaps one of our dearest friends.

A locket containing the likeness of our Mother, her loving eyes looking so earnestly into our own that we can almost hear her say "My son—remember that 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God'—her last words to us—and we try to look within, to see if our hearts are pure.

Here is a tress of dark brown hair; and as we behold it, the crystal tears flow down our cheeks, strong though we are,—as we think of her we weep long ago, and who, ere she was really our own, was transplanted to that Upper Kingdom, where the angels sing. Oh, with what anguish we fall back, clasping the ringlet tightly, and letting it twine round our fingers! and for a time it seems as though we cannot submit—but a voice whispers "Peace—be still!" and the raging billows of our soul cease their motion—we know that it is God's will, and we can touch the hem of Christ's white garment and go on peacefully, with eyes raised towards the Home where she has gone.

Perhaps a loved one has shared this room with us, and night after night, when the other inmates of the family slept, have we lain awake, interchange the soul's inmost thoughts until we seem to possess—though two bodies—yet one spirit.

A pet sister has often stolen to our room and adorned it with flowers, and

now, may be—we adorn with flowers her grave, and water them with our tears. Another just verging upon womanhood loves to sit here at our feet and listen to our words of wisdom. How we love that sister!

But all things change—and we must leave this spot to us the most sacred upon earth. How we linger upon the threshold! How we wonder what strange tales those bare old walls will tell! And the thought that this room—our room must soon belong to another, causes us again to weep; and we close the door and turn away with a heavy heart—for never again upon the broad earth shall we find a place fraught with so many sacred associations!

"We may build more splendid habitations. Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures. Buy with gold the old associations!"

For the Courier.
"T. IN A HORN."

MRS. EDITOR: A friend has just placed before me a copy of the Oxford Democrat, in which appears a communication from this town, over the eminently classic title quoted above. By adopting the above euphonious *nomme de plume*, the writer doubtless intends to illustrate what he understands as being embraced in the "modern Ionique-Dorique-Corinthian" style.

In the communication referred to, the writer "opens up" with a grand flourish of penny whistles, and at once takes upon himself the mighty office of critic. The subject which receives his "distinguished consideration" upon this occasion, is nothing more nor less than the quiet little village in this town known to "outside barbarians," as Greenwood City. Instead of displaying any degree of nice discrimination in his criticism, the writer seems to have been actuated by a desire to raise a laugh at the expense of Greenwood, and to show us, the benighted inhabitants thereof, a rare specimen of his native wit. Shade of Joe Miller! what wilt thou!

We shall stop at this time to notice but one of the many "titty terminations" of Mr. "T. in a Horn," viz:—the sentence wherein he makes the startling announcement that "the Schoolmaster is absent—abroad."—Now we submit that this is the "unkindest cut of all." Not content with "showing up" our venerable "City" and its surroundings, in a style that "Q. K. Philander Doretski" might envy, he proceeds very deliberately to inform us (indirectly,) that we are a set of ignoramuses, and he tells us this, too, in the face of the notable fact, that for some time past we have had, in our ignorant midst, a learned gentleman from abroad, who, for a "valuable consideration," has taken upon himself the task of teaching the arts and sciences according to the most approved methods. "T. in a Horn" should not attempt to be funny at the expense of the truth.

P. S. Since writing the above "T. in a Horn's" amiable friend "Squibb" has been making himself conspicuous, in a late number of the Democrat, in the "punkin" line. A yankee at our elbow suggests that "T. in a Horn," and "Squibb" are identical. Doubt.

P. S. extraordinary. Important information. We learn that several of our liberal "red citizens" are making arrangements for the purchase of something valuable, to be presented to Mr. "T. in a Horn," as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held in this community. The precise nature of the gift has not been decided upon, but we presume it will be something after the order of "Melchioria." It has been suggested that a calf's head—cold, would be very appropriate.

BETA.
Greenwood, Jan. 21, 1859.

The Rockland Gazette is informed by General Inspector Ulmer that there have been manufactured in that city, the past year, 765,000 casks of lime, which is an increase of 14,000 casks over the manufacture of last year.

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.

Mail closes as follows:—

To Portland. 10 A. M.

To Island Pond. 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAIN.

Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland 10:12 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 4:12 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Every Sabbath at 11 o'clock, A. M. 1:14 P. M., in the following churches:—First Congregationalist. Rev. Mr. BROWN. Second. Rev. Mr. GARDNER. Universalist. Rev. Mr. GARDNER.

WEDNESDAY FOR PRAYER.

Sunday evenings at 6 o'clock, at the new Bible Class, Tuesday evenings Prayer Meeting Saturday evening.

Business calling us recent to Island Pond, Vt., we paid a visit to visit the host of the Island Pond Hotel, Mr. G. G. WATERHOUSE. The result of a sojourn, however short, this Hotel, where everything is neat, tasty, and orderly, and all the arrangements made with a view to the comfort and convenience of the guests combined with a genial, whole soulful, and an attentive clerk, such as to give it a cheerful recommendation, as a home for the traveler.

We cannot forbear in this connection to return our thanks to the gentlemanly Conductor of the G. T. R., Mr. T. G. CHAMBERLAIN, for description and more thorough acquaintance with some of the elevations of land occurring at intervals along the line of the Railroad.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.—New York. D. Appleton & Co. Publishers.

This beautifully printed volume forms one of the series of Household Library. It is divided into two parts. The first part is a biography of the poet, and gives the external life of the poet as taken from the Encyclopedia Britannica. The second part is a spiritual portrait of Burns, written by Thomas Carlyle. The preface to the work contains a good sketch of Carlyle's life.

For sale by Sanborn & Carter, P. M.

The Knickerbocker for January contains a splendid portrait of Longfellow, and its table of contents is rich and varied. With the exception of the Lady's Book, the Knickerbocker is the oldest magazine in country. Its pages are devoted to the cultivation of Literature, Art, Humor, and in order to get the articles, the publishers pay the best price for original contributions.

In the present number is contained a history of this Magazine, a reminiscence of the Sanctum, and its Correspondents, which is interesting. We are glad to learn of the prosperity of this old and faithful Periodical.

John A. Gray, No. 16 and 18 J. street, New York, is the publisher. Terms \$5 per year or two for \$5.

THE SHOOTING AFFAIR AT PORTLAND.—The Portland Advertiser Thursday gives the following particulars of the shooting affair at Biddeford on Tuesday last:

"A special despatch from Biddeford yesterday spoke of the shooting man in that city by the name of ley, and that a Mr. Noble was in custody for committing the act."

We have since learned that the man we learn there are that Willy quite intoxicated—that he had lost in his bosom, and probably attempt to draw it the pistol discharged. This seems probable from another fact, that there were holes in his coat or vest, and the wound in his breast was very bad, and the flesh was discolored with blood. He at first charged Noble the act, but when he became sober, he told a different story. We that he was alive yesterday, but not possibly survive."

It is stated that during recent cold weather two young Lancaster, Ill., attempted to swim in a boat, which upset with them. They tried to wade ashore, but came entirely exhausted, and within fifteen feet of solid ice upon the struggle for life and died. The next day the father of them concluded that they must have drowned in their attempt to home, and made search, but without success. A number of neighbors gathered together and went down, and one of the young men discovered standing in three water leaning over upon the ice, where he found near him a letter.

The Bethel Courier.

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We have since learned that Noble had been discharged. The facts as we learn them are that Willey was quite intoxicated—that he had a pistol in his bosom, and probably in the attempt to draw it the pistol was discharged. This seems probable from another fact, that there were no holes in his coat or vest, and that the wound in his breast was very large and the flesh was discolored with powder. He at first charged Noble with the act; but when he became sobered the told a different story. We learn that he was alive yesterday, but could not possibly survive."

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The next day the father of one of them concluded that they must have drowned in their attempt to reach home, and made search, but without success. A number of neighbors then gathered together and went to find them, and one of the young men was discovered standing in three feet of water leaning over upon the ice. The other was found near him in the water.

THE TEETH AND THEIR TREATMENT.—Who is the fortunate possessor of a set of fine teeth, and would not take pains to preserve them?

Who is under the necessity of having a tooth drawn in order that the remainder of the set may be made perfect for use and appearance, and would not employ a skillful operator to remove the offender? Who requires a full set of artificial teeth, and would not prefer that an educated dentist would replace the *molars* and *incisors* that are gone, with such as may be useful, handsome, and permanent?

We are led to ask these questions, before furnishing our recommendation of the complete establishment of Drs. Cummings & Flagg, because we have seen the systematic arrangement of the business of these gentlemen, and feel no ordinary surprise that persons who have to call to their aid the art and science of dentistry, should place themselves in the hands of unskillful or amateur operators, when for similar expense they might be treated by accomplished Surgeon Dentists.

The very beautiful rooms (seven in number), of Drs. Cummings & Flagg, No. 25 Tremont street, have recently been refitted and refurnished, and at all hours of the day the most experienced and faithful operators are in attendance, to answer the calls of their numerous patients. We believe that no improvement in the dental art is suggested, that is not carefully investigated by Drs. Cummings & Flagg, and if worthy to be adopted they are the first to aid in its general introduction.

Their own incisions and preparations for the diseases, and the proper preservation of the teeth, are numerous and efficient. The Nervous Anodyne, a most useful and now world renowned attitude for toothache is the invention of, and solely used by Drs. Cummings & Flagg. This foe to the toothache, although it effectually and instantly removes the pain, does not in any wise injure the teeth themselves. There are other preparations, as Dentifrice for cleaning, and Wash for hardening the gums, to which these gentlemen claim an exclusive right. On every side we hear great credit given to Drs. Cummings & Flagg, by those who have their patients, and such testimony coming from the parties most interested in having work well performed, must be allowed to succumb to our best wishes for a continuance of their success, will ever attend them.—Boston Daily Bee

TEENING LAYD—Said near HANCOCK, Mo.—The Hannibal (Mo.) Messenger states that a great land slide took place a few days since at Lover's Leap, near that city. From the top of the bluff, for some 400 yards, the entire mass of earth has slid down some 40 or 50 feet, carrying in its wake trees, stumps, and everything, in fact that offered any impediment to its wild career. It must indeed have been a grand sight to witness this awful avalanche of upward of 100,000 square yards, whirling down the steep descent with the speed of a hurricane, and a rumbling almost equal to that of thunder. From ten to twelve dirt cars were smashed to pieces, and many of their axles, (four inches in diameter, and of solid iron), were snapped like so many reeds, and the bodies of the cars scattered hither and thither.

THE BURNING OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH AT MONTREAL.—The destruction of this church by fire last week was noticed by telegraph. Nothing whatever was saved from the interior of the church. The altar, all the appointments thereof, images, pictures, vestments of the clergy, &c., were all destroyed. At midnight the bell was a living mass of fire. The hearings of the large bell gave way and it came to the ground with a tremendous crash, ringing as it fell, the clapper having struck it three times. The roof had previously fallen, and the flames belched out most furiously. They ascended to a great height, illuminating the city and the whole surrounding country for miles. Nearly 100 cords of dry tamarac wood, which had been split and packed away for the winter's use in the basement, gave immense body to the flames, whose roaring could be heard at a great distance. Shortly after the roof ignited the draught caused by the fire rushing through the organ pipes, and it fell, emitting distinct musical sounds, thus playing its own elegy. An immense concourse of people had gathered to witness the spectacle, and the general impression was, that had due exertions been used the fire might have been subdued before it had finished its work of destruction. The church was insured in the Liverpool and London Insurance Office for \$6000. Beyond this sum the loss is severe.

A number of communications are laid over for want of space, we shall give them below.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The January number of this work contains the following among other interesting contributions:—"Olympus and Asgard," "Juanita," "Coffee and Tea," "Men of the Sea," "The Illustrious Obscure," "The New Life of Dante," the continuations of "Bulls and Bears," and "The Minister's Wooing," Mrs. Stowe's new novel; "White's Shakespeare," and last, but not least, the Professor takes his seat at the Breakfast Table, rendered famous by his predecessor, the Autocrat. Several poetical contributions help to make up a good number, and the third volume of the Atlantic opens in fine style.

A MOST EXCELLENT EXAMPLE!—An Editor Surprised.—The good people of Provincetown organized a surprise party a short time since, numbering several hundred persons, and made a call upon the Editor of the Provincetown Banner. After an evening spent in an enjoyable manner, they departed, leaving behind a number of presents for the Editor and his wife, together with a sum of money.

THE GRISTMILL.—One of the great improvements ever made in our village is that in the gristmill which has been made as nice as a parlor.

With such accommodations we don't see why it is necessary for a miller to wear a white hat any longer, everything has been done to make it a first class mill. Customers will not now find it necessary to wait and have to see a bushel of corn find its way to the regions below. We have no doubt but that it will be a profitable investment, and a great convenience in this community.

We shall commence in our next an Original Tale, written for the Courier, by a well-known authoress, of Boston, entitled "A HEART'S HISTORY." As the incidents connected with the History occurred in this vicinity, and may be recognized by some, it will doubtless be read with peculiar interest.

We understand that Derrick Bridgman, son of S. S. Bridgman, formerly of Lewiston, was drowned in Thompson River, Cal., about the middle of October last. He was an only son, a young man of unexceptionable character and his loss falls heavily upon his parents.

General Scott was robbed of his overcoat by a couple of clever rascals at St. Charles, New Orleans, last week. As he was going up the stairs surrounded by a crowd, two individuals insisted upon relieving him of his overcoat. Gracefully he consented, supposing that the act was only a part of the hospitality which had been offered him; but unfortunately he has heard nothing since of his supposed admirers or his overcoat; and has had to procure another.

FEARFUL POSITION OF A RAILROAD TRAIN.—On the 26th of December a train on the Virginia and Tennessee track was climbing the Alleghany mountains, when the axle of the tender broke. The accident occurred at a part of the road which runs along the edge of a fearful precipice, one hundred feet high; the broken wheel track ran under the baggage car, causing a frightful bounding of the whole train; most fortunately, the baggage car ran away from the edge of the precipice, instead of towards it, and all were saved from a dreadful death.

BETHEL PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE COURIER.
Flour \$4.75 a 250, Beef 4 a 1-2
Corn 1.00, Roast Hogs, 6 a 8
Rye, 92 a 100, Hams, 7 a 9
Oats, 45 a 50, Chickens, 7 a 9
Butter, 15 a 18, Turkeys, 9 a 10
Cheese, 8 a 12, Beans, 1.15 a 1.27
Apples, 16 a 20, Wool, 25 a 30
Wheat, 1.50 a 2.00, Potatoes, 50 a 100
Dried Apples, 6 a 8, Hay, 1.00
Potatoes, 25 a 35, Wood, 1.50 a 2.50

BRIGHTON MARKET.

At market, 1300 Hogs, 1600 Steers, 5000 Sheep, 2500 Swine.
Prices.—Beef, Cattle, Extra, \$2.60; 1st quality, 700; second, 650; third, 500.
Working Oxen—\$100 a 150.
Milk Cows—\$20 a 40; common, \$18 a 19.
Veal Calves—\$4.00 a 4.50.
Yearlings, 10 a 12, two year old \$12 a 22; three year old \$24 a 25.
Hides—7-12 a 8. Calf Skins—12 a 13.
Skins—Fat Hogs, 6-12 a 10; pigs, 5; retail, 1-2 a 6.

Marriages.

In GOSH, 1st inst. Mr. Timothy M. Richardson to Miss Letitia G. Ledy, both of G. In Bridport, 15th inst. J. S. Squires to Miss Frances L. Alexander, both of Bridport. In Rockland, 13th inst. Hon. Alonzo Garrison, of Lewistown, to Mrs. Olive N. Spear.

Deaths.

In this town, 26th inst. Mary, wife of Wm. P. Groom, aged 20. In Woodstock, 22d inst., Joseph Stevens, 72. In Paris, 17th inst., Miss Deborah Chase, 67. In Portland, 20th inst., Capt. Samuel Waterhouse, 74. In Bridport, 18th inst., of consumption, J. M. Blake, M. D. 41. In Harrison, 15th inst., Lynnae Carwell, 34.

THE QUESTION IS

WHERE can I do the best and it always comes up in the minds of those who are in want of

GROCERIES, or any article of necessity, comfort or convenience. This question can be satisfactorily answered at the Store formerly occupied by Freeman, Barker & Co., where can be found the best and largest assortment of

FLOUR in the country. Also a constant supply of FRESH MEAT, and a complete assortment of choice Family Groceries.

Passing facilities that cannot be surpassed for the purchase of Flour, enables us to sell at wholesale and retail prices that defy competition.

All articles purchased at this Store warranted to be of the first quality and give perfect satisfaction.

GEO. D. BLAKE, Agt.

ISLAND POND HOTEL.

Island Pond, Vt.

Through Trains dine here—Way Trains remain over night.

Porters in attendance to convey baggage to the house free of charge.

Stairs and Covered Passage from Depot to Hotel.

G. G. WATERHOUSE, Proprietor.

Employment.

250 A MONTH and all EXPENSES PAID.

An agent is wanted in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars, address Dr. J. HENRY WARNER, corner of Monroe and Mercer Streets, New York City, enclosing one postage stamp. Don't

GOULD'S ACADEMY!

IN BETHEL.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence on the

FIRST TUESDAY IN MARCH.

And continue Eleven Weeks.

N. T. TRUE, A. M. M. D., Principal.

MISS OLIVE C. WALKER, Assistant.

C. B. DAVIS, Teacher of Penmanship.

The course of instruction will be as thorough as possible, embracing such studies as are taught in the best Academies in New England. The Ancient and Modern Languages, including the French, Spanish and Italian, will receive particular attention from the Principal.

The Mathematical course is systematic and thorough, and well adapted to prepare teachers for their calling, and young men for business.

Special classes will be formed for teachers in Arithmetic, Grammar, and Geography. These are designed to be model classes. Students who contemplate entering these classes are requested to be furnished with Colburn's First Lessons, and Greenleaf's Introductory, and New National Arithmetic.

Young ladies will here find a systematic course marked out which will be optional with them to pursue, or to adopt a more limited course.

Parents and guardians are cordially invited to examine into the merits of this Institution. The Academy is pleasantly located in the flourishing village at Bethel Hill, and under the charge of a permanent Principal. Miss Walker comes highly recommended in her department.

Students are requested, if possible, to be present on the first morning of the term.

EXPENSES.—Good Board in Families, per week, \$7.00. Tuition.—In Higher English, and Languages, 4.00. Common English, 2.50. Fifty cents will be deducted for those who pay by the quarter.

Books and Stationery may be obtained in the village. For further information application may be made to the Principal.

Bethel, Feb. 1, 1859.

1859. 10 1859. GREAT REDUCTION!!

By special arrangements made with the Publishers of the following popular and well-known Magazines, we are enabled to furnish them in connection with the Courier, at the following reduced rates:

One copy of the Courier and the Atlantic Monthly one year, \$2.00.
One copy of the Courier and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$3.00.
One copy of the Courier and Harper's Weekly, one year, \$4.75.
One copy of the Courier and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, \$3.00.
One copy of the Courier and Peterson's Magazine, one year, \$2.50.
One copy of the Courier and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$2.50.
Payments to be made strictly in advance.

ALFRED TWICHELL, Manufacturer, BETHEL HILL, ME.

COTTON GOODS!

HEAVY BROWN SHEETINGS!

MEDIUM AND LIGHT "

FINE BLEACHED AND UN- BLEACHED SHEETINGS.

Cotton Flannels!

Tickings, Drills and Denims.

For Sale cheap for CASH at

KIMBALL'S.

BETHEL, Jan. 7, 1859. 1f-4

THE BEST PLACE

—TO BUY—

DRY GOODS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING!!

BOOTS & SHOES,

GROCERIES,

Or in fact anything in the line of a Country

VARIETY STORE, is at

G. & O. H. MASON'S,

Near the Depot;

BETHEL, ME.

Bethel, Dec. 17, 1858. 1f

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Employment.

250 A MONTH and all EXPENSES PAID.

An agent is wanted in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars, address Dr. J. HENRY WARNER, corner of Monroe and Mercer Streets, New York City, enclosing one postage stamp. Don't

GOULD'S ACADEMY!

IN BETHEL.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence on the

FIRST TUESDAY IN MARCH.

And continue Eleven Weeks.

N. T. TRUE, A. M. M. D., Principal.

MISS OLIVE C. WALKER, Assistant.

C. B. DAVIS, Teacher of Penmanship.

The course of instruction will be as thorough as possible, embracing such studies as are taught in the best Academies in New England. The Ancient and Modern Languages, including the French, Spanish and Italian, will receive particular attention from the Principal.

The Mathematical course is systematic and thorough, and well adapted to prepare teachers for their calling, and young men for business.

Special classes will be formed for teachers in Arithmetic, Grammar, and Geography. These are designed to be model classes. Students who contemplate entering these classes are requested to be furnished with Colburn's First Lessons, and Greenleaf's Introductory, and New National Arithmetic.

Young ladies will here find a systematic course marked out which will be optional with them to pursue, or to adopt a more limited course.

Parents and guardians are cordially invited to examine into the merits of this Institution. The Academy is pleasantly located in the flourishing village at Bethel Hill, and under the charge of a permanent Principal. Miss Walker comes highly recommended in her department.

Students are requested, if possible, to be present on the first morning of the term.

EXPENSES.—Good Board in Families, per week, \$7.00. Tuition.—In Higher English, and Languages, 4.00. Common English, 2.50. Fifty cents will be deducted for those who pay by the quarter.

Books and Stationery may be obtained in the village. For further information application may be made to the Principal.

Bethel, Feb. 1, 1859.

1859. 10 1859. GREAT REDUCTION!!

By special arrangements made with the Publishers of the following popular and well-known Magazines, we are enabled to furnish them in connection with the Courier, at the following reduced rates:

One copy of the Courier and the Atlantic Monthly one year, \$2.00.
One copy of the Courier and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$3.00.
One copy of the Courier and Harper's Weekly, one year, \$4.75.
One copy of the Courier and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, \$3.00.
One copy of the Courier and Peterson's Magazine, one year, \$2.50.
One copy of the Courier and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$2.50.
Payments to be made strictly in advance.

ALFRED TWICHELL, Manufacturer, BETHEL HILL, ME.

R. A. CHAPMAN,

WOULD respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he has on hand a large and well selected Stock of

Dry Goods!

well adapted to the present season, consisting of

Broadcloths!

Cassimeres,

Doeskins,

Satinets,

Alapaccas,

Lyonese,

MUSLIN De LAINES,

VALENCIA PLAIDS,

Ladies' Cloths,

A great variety of PRINTS, Bleached and un-

Bleached Cottons, and Warp Yarns.

Also—a good Stock of

FLOUR!

Of different brands, and a general assortment

of W. I. GOODS, and

GROCERIES,

Crockery and Glass-Ware,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

NAILS and GLASS, BOOTS,

SHOES and LEATHER,

Feathers,

Ready-Made Clothing

and CARPETINGS.

Hats, Caps,

—AND—

BUFFALO ROBES!!

All of the above Goods will be sold CHEAP FOR CASH, or pay down, and persons coming into the place for the purpose of buying Goods, are respectfully invited to call and examine his present Stock of Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

R. A. C. wants in exchange for Goods and Cash, 3000 Bushels of Oats, 500 Bushels White Beans, 5 Tons of Pork, 2 Tons of Butter, 2 Tons Dried Apples, Clover Seed, Herbs Grass Seed, Cheese, Poultry, and Wool Skins.

Bethel, Dec. 30, 1858. 3f

Woolen Goods,

BROAD CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES,

DOESKINS, TWEEDS, AND

SATINETES.

Also—A Good Assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

For Sale at

KIMBALL'S.

BETHEL, Jan. 7, 1859. 1f-4

W. J. HAYDEN & CO.,

Dealers in

STOVES, FIRE FRAMES, LEAD PIPE,

SHEET LEAD, PUMPS,

Ploughs, Farming Tools.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

TIN WARE, &c. &c.

Job Work done to Order.

Bethel Hill, Dec. 24, 1858. 2f

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS

loved my father, and for his sake she
went to a strange land and a remote
wilderness; she toiled, and suffered,
and endured every privation; and has
often told me she was happy in doing
it for the man she loved. I remember
her example. No such sacrifices are
required to prove the strength of my
affection; but, if there were, Amos,
you would not find me waiting."

With many more assurances, and
all the anguish of lovers to be so long
separated, they parted.
The remainder of the winter rolled
heavily away for the young girl.—
While Arthur increased in bloom and
vivacity, she grew listless, if not mel-
ancholy. He had now renewed his
visits and kindly cordialities, with-
out making any more reference to love
or marriage. Lord Lancaster hoped
for the best.

As early in the spring, however, as
pleasant weather returned, Arthur
Beverly was off, again, for Scotland;
and, when he came back a month
later, it was to announce himself as
engaged to a bonnie Scotch lady, whom
he had met, the previous summer,
during a romantic trip among the hills,
after being lost among them a night,
having chanced upon the castle of the
lord, her father. He was eloquent in
praise of her soft black eyes and raven
hair. And his blue-eyed cousin was
among his most delighted listeners.

"The best laid plans will all go wrong,"
and surely Lord Lancaster's had gone
widely astray from his intent. By
the time the summer was over, the in-
fluence of his daughter, began to have
their effect upon his heart.

How many references to her own
unhappy courtship Lady Lancaster
was obliged to make need not be
told. Perhaps some commendatory
remarks which appeared about that
time in the French scientific journals,
upon a young American genius, Amos
Potter by name, who was prosecuting
some important researches, had some-
thing to do with his concessions, also;
for he had almost as much reverence
for genius as for rank.

Just as he was about to start for
England to claim his ladylove, will-be,
will-do, he received an honorable re-
call from Lord Lancaster.

There is no use in describing the
wedding dresses, the ceremony, and
all that you can read about it in the
"Court Journal," if you like a
lovelier bride was never born in the
Atlantic, and many a gallant cavalier
sighed:

"Where there no bonnie dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?"

"You always were too fast for me,
Amos," was the only remark of his
brother Daniel, when the bride and
bridegroom came home to Peter's for
a visit.

What he meant, no one paused to
inquire.

When May peeped into the rude
cabin, overgrown with roses, which
was her birth-place she turned smiling
to her husband: "I shall not disgrace
my birth," she said. "I am a true
child of the woods, and proud of my
title as the Squatter's Daughter."

VESUVIUS.—The Naples correspon-
dent of the Daily News writes: With
regard to Vesuvius, its activity is in-
creasing daily and there is every prob-
ability of an eruption, or some other
catastrophe. On visiting Rosina, and
conversing with the guides, they gave
me many interesting details, all pro-
ving that the mountain must present a
very splendid spectacle, and threatens
a great explosion. The report which
I have received to-day from the guides
runs thus: "Last night, at half-past
eight o'clock, smoke ascended from
the crater of 1855. There was a
great noise, and a number of offices
were laid open. At the foot of the
Hermitege the lava has covered over
several houses, and continues to de-
stroy the country in the neighborhoods,
where twelve currents were percepti-
ble. On Monday last twenty-two
currents were perceptible. Two cra-
ters have been measured, and it has
been discovered that one has a depth
of 600 feet, and the other 620 feet.
There are two which, being empty
underneath, are too dangerous to be
measured. They are split in the cir-
cumference, and have various fissures.
In the past month there was a bed of
fire full a mile long."

A Dutchman having a friend hung
in this country, wrote to his friend
informing him that, after addressing a
large meeting of citizens, the scaffold
on which he stood gave way, owing to
which he fell and broke his neck.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague says,
that the only thing which reconciles
her to being a woman is, that she will
never be obliged to marry one.

"I don't like to patronize this line,"
said a culprit to a hangman. "Oh,
never mind this once, it will soon sus-
pend operations," was the reply of
the officer.

Agricultural.

FRETFUL FARMERS.

The New York Tribune well says:
Men make themselves uncomfortable,
destroy the peace of their families,
and actually make themselves hated
by fretfulness." Beecher says:
"It is not work that kills men; it
is worry. Work is healthy; you can
hardly put more upon a man than he
can bear. Worry is rust upon the
blade. It is not the revolution that
destroys the machinery, but the
friction. Fear secretes acid, but love
and trust are sweet juices."

We know a man with a patient,
good, Christian wife, and we never
heard him speak a kind, pleasant word
to her, and doubt if he ever did in the
half century they have lived together.
He is always in a fret. Every-
thing goes wrong. You would think
that he was made of cross-grained
timber, and had always been trying
to digest a cross-cut saw. He is
eternally cross, and always thinks
that his wife and children, hired hands
and all the domestic animals, have
entered into a combination to worry
him to death. He is not only rusty
but fairly crusted over with it. He is
encased in a shell of acid secretions,
through which no sweet juices ever
distill. Friction has literally worn
him out, and he will soon worry him-
self to death. Of course he has never
worked to any advantage to himself or
anybody else. With him everything
always goes wrong. He superstitious-
ly believes "it is because the devil
has a spite against him," when in
truth it is nothing but his own fret-
fulness.—*New Jersey Farmer.*

A cheap and easy mode of dissolv-
ing bones may be made by fermenting
bone dust with liquid manure cover-
ing the heap with saw dust, turf or
dry mud.

A writer in the Albany Cultivator
thinks that the black knot in plum
trees is produced by an insect and
gives as a reason that an maggot is
found in the early stage of the knot
and never found in old excrescences.

Pea nuts and their consumers.—

These vegetables can be grown at
the north—how profitably we do not
know. A writer noticing the fact,
says: "A failure of the pea nut crop
would be severely felt in some quar-
ters, and the consumers would con-
stitute the largest body of unemployed
men in the country."

The first Agricultural Society in
this country was formed at Philadel-
phia in 1787 and called the Philadel-
phia Society for promoting Agricul-
ture.

A farmer in Townsend, C. W.
writes: "I have grown whole fields
of wheat that averaged forty bushels
to the acre. I had one field of fourteen
acres that averaged forty-two bushels.

I have grown seventy bushels of
shelled corn to the acre. I raise from
ten to fourteen acres of Swedish Tur-
nips every year. Never had a failure
Last year I had twelve acres, three
and a half acres of which yielded four
thousand bushels. This astonished
the natives.

Dr. Tyler of the N. Hampshire
Lunatic Hospital says that Cabbages
are benefitted by the use of salt.
The Koblrahi is not affected by the
fly and grub, is perfectly hardy, but
requires early sowing.

A cow of the Durham breed in
Dutchess Co. N. Y. yielded six hun-
dred and twenty three pounds of but-
ter in one year.

Season soil and culture have
more to do with a good crop of pota-
toes than the size of the seed.

The decomposition of vegetable
matter produces acids, that of animal
matter an alkali.

Mr. C. L. Flint Sec. of the
Board of Agriculture in Mass., esti-
mates the loss of liquid manure from
cattle, alone, in that Commonwealth at
\$3,900,000.

The number of Students in the
Michigan Agr. College the past year
is 108.

Dr. Holmes of the Maine Farmer
is elected a Vice-President of the
National Agricultural Society.

Poetry.

For the Courier.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY J. W. BAKER.

In lonely hours, my thoughts will turn
To absent friends in distant lands,
Oh! then I wish for their return,
To join with them the friendly hand.

But yet 'tis sweet to let the mind
Recall to memory absent friends;
For thus 'tis ever that we find
Our sorrows for the time to end.

Though I'm removed from friends and home,
My thoughts will often, ever stray
To loved ones and where'er I roam,
Fond friendship strengthens day by day.

And should we meet on earth no more,
And friendship here again renew;
Oh! may we all find rest in store,
In Heaven, where friends are never far.

Anecdotes.

BEYING WOODCOCKS.—I was re-
covering from sickness lately, and
needed something to tempt my appetite.
I thought woodcock, well cooked
and served, would move my dormant
palate. My Irish servant was told to
go down and purchase a pair.

Mrs. B. said to him:
"I suppose you know what they
are—those birds with very long bills?"

"Yes, mem, I do."
Then turning to the cook, she gave
directions for their preparation on the
table.

"Well, Jim, did you get the wood-
cocks?" inquired Mrs. B.

"I did, mem."
"But how much is this—how much
change have you brought? What did
they cost?"

"Sixteen cents, mem."
"What, sixteen cents for the pair?"
Yes, mem.

"Why, that is extremely cheap!"
He stood in a hesitating way for a
moment, and then asked Mrs. B. if
she would not step down and see them.

She walked down to the kitchen,
and Jim stepped up to the table, took
up a small package which he unfolded,
and handed out a couple of the longest
kind of wooden funnels!

Why, bless you, mem, these are not
woodcocks. Didn't you hear me give
directions about cooking them?"

"I did, mem."
"But don't you see that I could not
cook one of these? I might have them
in the pot a whole hour, and they
would not be cooked!"

"I see, mem, I made a mistake."
Shall I take 'em back, mem?"

ADVANTAGE OF PRINTING.—An old
lady entered the printing office of a
New-York printer with an old Bible
in her hand. "I want," said she, "that
you should print it over again. It's
gettin' a little blurred, sort of, and my
eyes isn't what they was. How much
do you ask?"

"Fifty cents."
"Can you have it done in half an
hour? wish you would; want to be get-
tin' home; live good ways out of
town."

"Yes."
When the old lady went out, he
went into the office of the Bible Society
and purchased a fifty-cent Bible.

"Lor! makes a mess!" exclaimed
the old lady when she came to look
at it; "how good you've fixed it; it's
e'en a'most as good as new! I never
see anythin' so curious as that prin-
tin' is!"

A GREEN 'UN.—A farmer, who had
employed a green 'un from the coun-
try, ordered him to give the mule
some corn in the ear. On his coming
in the farmer asked: "Well, Pat, did
you give the corn?" "To be shure I
did."

"How did you give it?" "An
shure as yez towled me in the ear."
"But how much did you give?"

"Well, yez see the crayer wouldn't
bould still, and kept twitching his ear
about so I couldn't get above a fist
full in both ears."

"Miss Julia, allow me to close the
blinds; the glare of the sun must be
very oppressive."

"You are very kind, sir, but I had
rather have a little sun than no hear
at all."

The oft visited distinction between
liking and loving was well made by a
girl, six years old. She was eating
something at breakfast which she
seemed to relish very much.

"Do you love it?" asked her aunt.
"No," replied the child, "with a look
of disgust: I like it. If I loved it,
I should kiss it."

"Bobby, why don't you go
home and have your mother sew up
that hole in your trousers?" "Oh,
go along, old woman, our folks are
economizing, and a hole will last lon-
ger than a patch."

If petticoat government is not more
oppressive now than formerly, it is
certainly double in extent.

THE GREAT EASTERN

Will come next Summer to

Portland.

THE Subscriber Manufactures and keeps the

Largest Assortment of

Candies, Nuts,

Cigars,

Tobacco,

CONSERVES for INVALIDS,

Native Grape Juice, Etc.

Also—Original Pure Refined

Spruce Gum.

All of the above Goods are of the first qual-
ity, bought and sold for CASH, at wholesale or
retail, at the very lowest rates.

Also—Sole Agents for the

Boston Friction Match Co's.

CARD MATCHES, the BEST MATCH in the

world. Call and see!

B. Pearson,

105 Federal St., 5 Doors above the Elm

House, PORTLAND, ME.

Portland, Dec. 30, 1859. cor653

CAHOON'S

PATENT

BROADCAST SEED SOWER,

FOR SOWING

Wheat, Oats, Barley,

Grass-Seed, &c.

Patented Sept. 1st, 1857. Re-issued May

11th, 1859.

PATENTED IN EUROPE.

The Horse Power Machine,

At the walking gait of a horse, sows from

ten to fifteen acres per hour.

The Hand Machine,

At the walking gait of a man, sows from

four to eight acres per hour.

These machines are substantially built,
and do the work in a very superior
manner, as numerous certificates
from those who have used
them fully prove.

They have taken the 1st Prize at the

UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL

FAIR, held at Richmond, Va., 1858.

Also,—At Missouri State Fair, in a grand

trial of Broadcast Seed Sowers, held at St.

Louis, Mo., 1859. Kentucky State Fair,

held at Louisville, Ky., 1859, "with high
commendation of the committee." Mich-
igan State Fair, held at Detroit, 1858.

Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Pitts-
burg, 1858. Maine State Fair, held at
Augusta, 1859; and at numerous other
State and County Fairs.

The HAND MACHINE, which is es-
pecially adapted to the Farms of New
England, is built of iron, and will last a
man his life-time.

A person can sow with it and do the
work perfectly, who has had no experience
in sowing, whatever—and a saving of at
least three-fourths of the labor is made by
its use.

A complete division of the seed is effect-
ed, and each kernel falls separately upon
the ground; causing great regularity of
distribution, and giving the best opportunity
for the growth and development of the
grain. As a result of which, a large sav-
ing of seed is made, (estimated by some to
be fully one-third,) and an increased and
better crop is produced.

For sale on liberal terms and prices by

GILMAN CHAPMAN,

Bethel, Me.

Or by

D. H. FURBISH, Proprietor.

CHAS. W. CAHOON,

Corresponding Agent.

Office—York Street—Opposite Port-
land Sugar House.

PORTLAND, Maine.

Circulars containing certificates
from Farmers who have used the Machines,
forwarded on application as above.

Jan. 7, 1859. 4tf

ALFRED TWICHELL,

Custom BOOT and SHOE

Manufacturer,

BETHEL HILL, Me.

YESTERS served up in every style by

ALFRED TWICHELL

Bethel Hill, Me.

171

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!!

WE HAVE ON HAND AND

offer for sale at

Lowest Prices,

quality considered, as follows:—

539 Half Chests Oolong TEAS.

60 " " Souchow "

30 " " Gunpowder "

50 " " Young Hyson

213 boxes "E. Chapman," "I.

Hamilton," "World's Fair,"

"Pine Tree," "Jewel of Ophir,"

"Iris," "Virginia Belle," "Pride

of Union," and "Coruscopia"

TOBACCO.

93 bags Rio, Santos and Java

COFFEE.

85 barrels Refined SUGARS.

10 bbls. New Crop, New Orleans

SUGAR.

6 bbls. New Crop, New Orleans

MOLASSES.

23 bbls. Cienfuegos do.

390 whole, half and quarter boxes

RAISINS.

70 bbls. Mess and Clear PORK

5 tierces LARD.

3000 casks NAILS.

1800 lbs. No. 1 Dutch Gov't and

Penang NUTMEGS.

29 tierces Carolina RICE.

900 boxes Scaled and No. one

HERRING.

15,000 lbs. POLLOCK FISH.

20,000 lbs. COD

300 boxes GLASS.

200 coils different sized Manila

CORDAGE.

100 doz. PAIRS; 50 nests TUBS,

3s and 8s, together with all the Goods

going to make up a stock of GRO-
CERIES for the Country Trade.

Davis, Twitchell & Chapman,

85 Commercial St.,

(Nearly opposite head of Custom House Wharf)

PORTLAND, ME.

Jan. 7, 1859. 3m4

NEW

JEWELRY STORE!!

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce

that he has recently fitted up a Store in

THE "COURIER" BUILDING,

near the Post Office, where he is prepared to do

all kinds of work in his line with neatness and

dispatch.

All work warranted.

Also—Gun and Pistol repairing.

S. A. RUSSELL.

Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1859. 17f

S. H. CHAPMAN,

Horse Shoer & Farrier,

WOULD inform his friends and the public

that he is prepared to do all kinds of the

above work in the most perfect manner.

For sale by

BOARDING by the day or week on reason-
able terms.

Horses and Carriages to let.

Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1859. 17f

BRASS CLOCKS,

OF ALL KINDS;

Also—a good assortment of SILVER and PLA-
TED SPOONS, FORKS, and

BUTTER KNIVES,